

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编 · 张 智 | 总 编 · 李正栓

# PULSATION

## 悸 动

Translated by Brent Yan and Gong Xiaodi

木樨 颜 巩 晓 迪 译



胡 平 | 主 编

付 瑛 瑛 | 副 主 编



### 胡 平

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Hu Ping, born in Linyi city, Shandong Province, member of Chinese Classics Bilingual's Association and member of Hebei Shakespeare Society, graduated from Nanjing Normal University, and Hebei Normal University. She specializes in Chinese classics translation and obtained China Accreditation Test for Translators and Interpreters.



### 付瑛瑛

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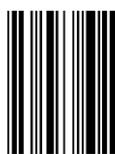
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ISBN: 979-883879807-7



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**PULSATION**

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# 木樨国际诗歌译丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

荣誉总编 张智 | 总编 李正栓

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Translated by Brent Yan & Gong Xiaodi  
Edited by Hu Ping & Fu Yingying

Published by Amazon Publishing  
NY, New York, U.S.A.  
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Printed in the United States of America  
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
First Printing: July 5, 2022  
Total Characters: 103,400

ISBN: 979-8-83879-807-7

## 总|略 编|语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近 30 年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计 106 期，译介中国和世界各地诗人 4000 余人，翻译诗歌 11000 余首，总计约 20 万行 2000 万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自 30 多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集 400 余部，涉及的语种达 20 多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作 30 余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有 20 余种。他号召力极强, 2021 年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了 20 多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同



主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓

于海龙花园

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not “contemporary” at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—“eclectic” for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liquan and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, etc. In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels—on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

*The World Poets Quarterly*. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vice versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of Arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

**Dr. Li Zhengshuan**

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao

## 不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20 世纪 80 年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办，至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他



说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们

不忘诗心。愿我们

向译而生。

张智中

2022年3月10日凌晨

津门松间居

## **Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind**

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng (Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—  
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can  
always be connate with a rendering mind.

**Zhang Zhizhong**

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日

育新花园

## RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

**Wang Jianzhao**

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

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## **Because**

[USA] Luis Carlos Pereira

You put up with me  
day and night  
you deserve a day of  
peace of mind  
because Mother's Day  
is about you!  
When the day is over,  
remember that  
I care for you  
no matter how far I am  
on this day,  
because  
you come first,  
and because  
I love you.



## 因为

[美国] 路易斯·卡洛斯·佩雷拉

您包容着我  
在每个白天和夜晚  
您应该得到一天的  
安闲  
因为母亲节这个节日  
为您而设！  
当这一天结束  
请您记得  
在这一天  
不论我离您有多遥远  
我都把您挂牵  
因为  
您在我心里最重要  
因为  
我爱您

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期）

## **Your Birthday**

[USA] Luis Carlos Pereira

What do you expect  
from your son  
this day of celebration?  
You don't want a cake.  
Your daughters called  
from long distance.  
I am here, and I give you  
hugs and kisses  
every day...  
Well, mother, I am a poet  
just like your!  
Shouldn't this be enough?



## 你的生日

[美国] 路易斯·卡洛斯·佩雷拉

您期许着什么呢  
在您儿子身上  
在这个节日  
您不想要蛋糕  
您的女儿们打来电话祝福  
从遥远的他方  
我则每天给您  
拥抱和亲吻  
守在您的身旁……  
哦，妈妈，我是一个诗人  
就像您一样  
这还不够么

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期）

## **On the Evening**

[Pakistan] Muhammad Shanazar

On the brim of drowning day,  
A slight after the sunset,  
Clad in crimson pink bridal dress,  
I see a bride every day exposing  
Her unheeded, enthralling beauties,  
Waiting for her courting partner,  
Propping, fondling in both the hands  
The silky locks of light and darkness,  
And she ever stands for a while between,  
Like a smart streak partitioning boundaries  
Of the shiny silvery day, dark shady night.





## 向晚

[巴基斯坦] 穆罕迈德·沙纳扎尔

太阳刚刚落下，  
溷溺的一天走向尽头，  
我看到一个新娘，  
穿着深粉色的婚纱。  
她的美让人沉迷却无人察觉，  
她在等待有人来求爱，  
她用双手支起、抚摸  
晨昏交迭的丝绸之锁。  
她总是伫立其间片刻  
像一条漂亮的条纹分割  
银亮白昼和黯晦黑夜的边界

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 63 期）

## **Bridal-Veil Falls**

[USA] Anne-Marie Legan

A majestic  
Waterfall's a bride  
in a lace veil and gown,  
gliding down  
a cavernous cathedral aisle.  
Redbud trees  
along the banks  
her bridesmaids,  
toss hot-pink blossoms  
like confetti  
in her pathway.



## 新娘面纱瀑布

[美国] 安玛丽·莱甘

壮丽的瀑布  
是一个新娘  
蒙着蕾丝的面纱穿着缎带的礼服  
从一个深广的大教堂  
款款地走下长廊  
岸边的紫荆树  
是她的伴娘  
抛撒着像典礼彩纸样的  
深粉色的花瓣  
在她走来的路上

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 63 期）

## **When I Smell Lilacs**

[USA] Anne-Marie Legan

She would not be lost  
entirely,  
something of her  
will breathe  
with the lilacs still...  
when they bloom  
on the windy hill.

Her soul  
can no more be  
separated from life itself...  
than drops of water  
from the massive sea,  
nor clouds of lavender  
from stems of green.



## 当闻丁香时

[美国] 安玛丽·莱甘

她不会全然地  
迷失  
当丁香绽放在  
风起的山头  
她会和恬静的丁香  
散发出芬芳

她的灵魂  
将再也不会  
与人生分隔  
就像水滴  
不会与大海分隔  
就像薰衣草花  
不会与花茎分隔

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 63 期）

## **Love's Haven**

[Russia] Adolf P. Shvedchikov

Oh love, where will you find your haven,  
In what heart are you going to dwell?  
Will this pure heart ascend to heaven,  
Or will it burn in fearsome hell?  
Oh my beloved, perhaps you guess,  
How I did love and love you still,  
An unforgettable princess,  
Moan of my soul, long and shrill...



## 爱的避风港

[俄罗斯] 阿道夫·P·斯维德柴可夫

哦，我的爱，哪里是你的避风港  
你要安扎在哪所心房？  
这颗纯洁的心会否升上天堂  
或者在可怖的地狱烈焰焚烧？  
哦，我心爱的人，你或许猜想  
我为何那么爱你，现在仍和以前一样  
你是我的公主，令我难忘  
我的心呜咽，尖啸，悠长……

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 64 期）

## **A Dream in a Dewdrop**

[Serbia] Dragan Dragojlović

A dream lay upon  
the bed of grass and leaves,  
below the willow trees  
where I loved you:  
you stand naked  
in a dewdrop,  
naked as a flame  
captured for an instant.

I extend my arms  
and the dewdrop  
grows all the bigger,  
expands into a river  
with no bridges or banks,  
into clear water I stand before  
gazing into the distance.





## 露珠里的梦

[塞尔维亚] 德拉根·德拉格伊洛维奇

一阙梦躺在  
一棵垂柳下  
铺满落叶的草地上  
我曾在此深爱你：  
你站在一滴露珠里  
赤裸着身体，  
就像被瞬间捕捉的  
一团火焰

我伸出双臂  
那滴露珠就  
愈加放大  
铺展成一条  
没有桥没有岸的河  
我站进那清澈的水中  
凝望向远方

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 65 期）

## **After You Had Gone**

[Pakistan] Saamee Aejaaz

Only a little happened  
At last  
After you had gone,  
Love, fondness, faith and trust,  
Erased themselves  
From the pages of dictionary  
Of my life, in such a way  
As they never had been there.



## 你走之后

[巴基斯坦] 萨梅·埃贾兹

你走之后  
最终  
只出现了那么一点  
爱情和痴情，信任和信仰  
将它们自己  
从我生命的辞典中抹去  
就好像  
它们从未出现过一样

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期）

## **An Effort**

[Pakistan] Sughra Sadaf

The moon your face,  
The night your locks,  
Your eyes the ocean,  
Your voice the spell  
Your breath the fragrance,  
I have regarded.  
Lo! What a kind of wonder  
I have performed.



## 努力

[巴基斯坦] 萨格拉·萨达夫

我把月亮看成你的面庞  
我把黑夜看成你的锁  
我把你的眼睛看作海洋  
我把你的声音看作魔咒  
我把你的呼吸当成芳香  
看！这是什么样的奇迹  
能演现在我的手上！

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期）

## **Nature**

[Italia] Eugenio Morelli

Pretending  
eyes of mirrors,  
masks.  
I look at the sea,  
the sky,  
the sun,  
remembering  
what hand  
would paint it?



## 自然

[意大利] 尤金尼奥·莫雷利

假装是  
镜子的眼睛  
面具的眼睛  
我瞭望大海  
太阳 和  
天空  
想起——  
什么样的手  
才能描绘如此光影？

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期）

## Untitled

[Germany] Herbert Becher

If I could kiss you  
I would give you a kiss.  
If you would like to stay a little,  
you would make my heart to jump.  
You would be  
in these lonely days,  
all what beautiful women are  
in my misfortune.





## 无题

〔德国〕赫伯特·比彻

如果我可以吻你  
我会给你一个吻  
如果你能多待一会儿  
你会让我的心悸动不已  
在这些寂寞的日子里  
在我的不幸中  
你会是一个  
最漂亮的女人，最漂亮的你

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期）

## **Would That I Were Plumeria**

[Pakistan] Naina Adil

Would that I were plumeria,  
A flower clean and spotless,  
In the day would bask in the sun,  
At night ply with beams of the moon.  
I would have neither religion,  
Nor tongue, nor sect, nor customs,  
Would that I were not from descendants,  
Of Cain: the conspirators against lands  
Waters and airs, they are polluters of minds.  
Would that I were a gift for the untainted eyes,  
Free of chauvinism, patriotism and prejudice,  
Being crown of the creation,  
Instead of becoming a cause  
Of turmoil on the gorgeous planet,  
Would that I were an innocuous plumeria,  
The creation which enriches beauty of the world,  
Imparts happiness, satisfaction, sparkle,  
And inscribing a poem on the palm of breeze  
Vanishes away forever from the world.



## 多希望我就是缅梔子

[巴基斯坦] 奈纳·阿迪尔

多希望我就是缅梔子  
一朵白璧无瑕的缅梔子  
白天我可以在太阳下晒暖  
到了晚上就以月光为食  
我可以没有宗教信仰  
没有派别、语言和礼俗  
多希望我不是该隐的子孙后世  
不阴谋破坏大地、水源和空气  
不污染纯洁的精神  
多希望我是一份礼 给澄澈的眼睛  
没有沙文主义，没有所谓的爱国心  
没有任何偏见。只做创造物的花冠  
而不制造导引任何混沌骚乱  
破坏这个美丽的地球  
多希望我就是一朵淡淡的缅梔子  
可以让这个世界更加美丽  
传递幸福，满足和活力  
并且可以在清风的手心雕刻一首诗  
让它从这个世界永远消失

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 71 期）

## **From This Desk**

[Israel] Helen Bar-Lev

From the desk at which I sit  
and bring beauty  
through these hands,  
this brush,  
onto the paper  
into the world,  
the corner of my eye  
observes the wind  
flipflop a tablecloth

on the other side of my heart,  
a friend whose son is dying,  
a poet who had a breakdown  
during army duty,  
another who has just had  
a difficult diagnosis

in my painting, human-free,  
the North abloom,  
mountains regal in the background,  
pine trees and peace,  
sky blue with optimism,  
ground green with eternity



## 桌子旁

[以色列] 海伦·巴列夫

在这张书桌上  
我用这双手  
和这支笔  
把美绘到纸上  
带到这个世界  
我的眼角  
瞥见风 在扑打  
一张桌布

而在我心的另一旁  
是一个朋友，其子弥留  
和一个正服兵役诗人  
已累垮身膀  
还有一个才得知  
难以确诊病况

我的画里， 没有人的踪影  
北国繁花绽放  
群山巍峨在远方  
松林平和宁静  
天空蔚蓝而清朗  
大地也青翠如常

on the radio  
a six-year-old Mozart  
is wooing my heart

whom do I fool?  
a world in pain  
paradise so close to a hostile border  
that, if you listen, you will surely hear  
the mortar shells falling

am I permitted the peace  
which creativity gives  
yet compassion prevents?

I sign the painting  
a month in the making  
and hurt for the world



收音机上  
一个六岁的音乐神童  
正博取我的心

我愚弄了谁呢？  
一个痛苦的世界  
和敌对边界如此临近的天堂  
若你仔细聆听，你定能听到  
炮弹雨落的炸响

我是否准许得到和平  
它乃创造力所赋  
却又被怜悯禁访

我在这幅画上落款  
曾花费一个月创作  
而今对世界却是痛伤

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 72 期）

## **To Pretend Peace**

[Israel] Helen Bar-Lev

Once we pretended  
there was peace

We pulled the peace  
over our eyes  
so as not to see  
how porous it was

Then a whirlwind of war  
blew in from the south  
from the north  
blew out our peace  
our crops  
our forests  
our optimism

We fled from cities  
ate bloodied eggs  
slept in strange beds  
and prayed to a god

turned deaf





## 假装和平

[以色列] 海伦·巴列夫

曾经我们假装  
这儿一片和平

我们把它  
掩过耳目  
就不必看到  
它多能渗透

之后从南方和北方  
刮来一股  
战争的旋风  
把我们的和平  
我们的庄稼  
我们的森林  
和我们的乐天  
全部吹卷殆尽

我们从城市奔逃  
吃血染红了的鸡蛋  
睡在陌生的床上  
仍然向神祈祷

却已失聪

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 72 期）

## **Vagaries**

[Romania] Nadia-Cella Pop

In our daily vagaries  
We search the unavailable:  
Magic remedies for real wounds,  
The imaginary chain partner  
Out of our own identity,  
The slavery of the pure truths  
From the mordant challenges,  
The awful masks of the ruined puppeteers,  
The heathen cult of the ignorance  
Unleashing the tolerance,  
The reign of the rot  
That used to rule once...  
And more, more others that help us  
To bear with dignity  
This hollow of emptiness  
With which we were born,  
And we couldn't add a thing  
To the original nothingness,  
Except a cry of disability.



## 奇想

[罗马尼亚] 娜迪亚·契拉·勃普

在我们日常的奇思妙想中  
我们总希望得到那些得不到的：  
希望能够治愈伤口的奇药  
希望从我们人格分裂出  
虚幻的一贯合作伙伴  
希望从隼永讥讽的挑战中  
奴役纯粹的真理  
希望得到堕落的木偶操手那可怖的面具  
希望对无知进行狂热野蛮的崇拜  
希望松绑按捺已久的隐忍  
希望君临过去一直统治的  
腐朽和破败……  
还有用尊严承受那些  
一直帮助我们的人  
这是我们生而有之的  
空空如也 而我们  
却不能向这最初的乌有之中  
增添一物一事  
只有仰天长啸我们的无能

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第74期）

## **Layer by Layer**

[Austria] Kurt F. Svatek

You're peeling an onion layer by layer,  
But it still stays the same  
All the way through.  
With the onion it's so much less difficult  
Than it is with people.

There's no use  
In ridding yourself little by little  
Of all the unnecessary sentences,  
Of all the unnecessary words,  
Of all unnecessary thoughts.

There's no use  
In composing a new symphony,  
Painting a picture, writing poetry  
Or freeing a great sculpture  
From the block of stone in which it's held captive.

And in even staying calm  
In the face of the assailant.  
For not to forget,  
We're all Cain's,  
Not Abel's descent.



## 一层又一层

[奥地利] 库尔特·F·斯瓦泰克

你一层一层地剥开洋葱  
一直剥下去  
它还是那个样子  
相比剥洋葱 剥开人的  
外衣却不是那么容易

不必要的言辞  
不必要的话语  
不必要的神思  
将其统统从你剥离  
都没有用

新谱一曲交响曲  
作一幅画，写一首诗  
或者将一尊禁锢于坚石底座的  
伟大雕像解放  
也都没有意义

即使面对来袭的人  
也能镇定自若  
因为我们不会忘记——  
我们是该隐的  
而不是亚伯的后裔

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 74 期）

## **The Sound of the Flute**

[Austria] Kurt F. Svatek

It was March  
And that was the best month to sing.

It was June  
And that was the best month to dance.

It was September  
And that was the best month to play the flute.

It was December  
And that was the best month to keep quiet.



## 笛声

[奥地利] 库尔特·F·斯瓦泰克

三月  
是三月最适于唱歌

六月  
是六月最适于婆娑

九月  
是九月最适于抚笛

十二月  
是这个月最好沉默

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 74 期）

## **The Eleventh Commandment**

[Armenia] Eduard Harents

When you let Love go from your hand,  
give a clap to  
your soul's weakness.

And to forgiveness of the light that flew  
from your eaves  
give a clap—  
with palm to your cheek  
from which you tore the flute of aroma.  
Give a clap to the flute...

One hand gives a clap too...





## 第十一戒

[亚美尼亚] 爱德华·海伦茨

当你松手把爱放走  
你就为你的心灵的软弱  
鼓掌吧

也为那从你屋檐下飞来的  
光的宽容  
鼓掌吧  
用手掌朝向你的脸庞  
撕裂那芬芳的长笛  
也为它鼓掌吧……

即便是只有一只手……

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期）

## Yearning

[Armenia] Eduard Harents

The shadow of color  
is scaling  
the scars of day;  
walking the serenity  
of an encountered dream...

The flower is the secret  
of pain;  
an introspective smile.  
The scion names the sin.

Beyond personal bandages  
of prayer,  
the self-denial of a tree  
is as much bright  
as warm are the hands  
of night.

I am freezing...your name.



## 渴望

[亚美尼亚] 爱德华·海伦茨

色彩的影子  
正在刮去  
白昼的伤疤  
邂逅的梦的谧静  
与之随行

鲜花是痛苦的  
秘密  
是一朵微笑在反省  
子孙后裔指定罪名

除了祈祷者身上的  
绷带之外  
一棵树的克己  
会像黑夜双手的温暖  
那样光明

我快冻死了……你的名

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期）

## **Odyssey**

[Armenia] Eduard Harents

We ate poetry,  
smoked silence  
with a cup of coffee,  
we got away from death  
chewing colors,  
but still we are gazing  
at the word...



## 奥德赛

[亚美尼亚] 爱德华·海伦茨

就着一杯咖啡  
我们吃掉诗歌  
抽着沉默  
我们躲过了死亡  
把色彩咀嚼  
但是我们仍面对  
那些话语凝视着

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期）

## **By the Lake**

### **—To My Son Wajd**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Each time my car passes the lake  
Where the ducks swim in the water  
Amidst the verdure,  
And I see children playing on swings  
Amongst the flowers  
Or running happily on the grass,  
Feelings of longing engulf me  
The film of memories plays back before my eyes  
All over again...  
Your eager face, brimming with joy,  
Comes to me from all directions,  
And I see your tiny fist full of pieces of bread  
As it flings them into the water.  
And as the ducks race to catch them,  
Your sweet voice calls with childlike excitement  
“Papa...kuko...Papa...kuko...”  
And the echo of your lisp sings happily,  
In unintelligible words, like the dialogue of birds...  
Suddenly you are running at full speed  
Towards the water  
Towards the ducks...



## 湖边

### ——致爱子瓦伊达

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

每当我开车经过那片湖  
都能透过葱茏看到一群  
在湖里游弋的鸭子  
还有孩子们在花丛的秋千上  
摇荡 或者在草地上  
欢快地追逐嬉戏  
这时一股浓浓的思念把我吞没  
过去的影像又一次  
在眼前浮现出来  
你那热切的小脸上挂满欢乐  
从四面八方涌入我的脑海  
我还看到你攥着面包屑的小手  
扬起来丢向湖里  
引来鸭子们争相扑食  
你就兴奋地朝我喊着  
“爸爸，嘎嘎……爸爸，嘎嘎……”  
你快乐的咿呀学语回响  
在无言的语言里，就像鸟儿的对话 突  
然你全速跑向  
那片湖水  
和那群鸭子

I run...

And clutch your precious little body,

And when it is firmly in my arms

I hug it fiercely,

And shower it with burning kisses,

Whilst you protest with pleas about the

“kuko”, With finger pointing to the ducks

O Wajd, if only you knew the longing

You would have realised that separation from loved

ones Was fire...nay madness.





我也跑过去  
用我张开的双手  
紧紧地  
把你搂在怀里  
然后不住地吻你你还是嘎嘎地  
叫着，一边讨饶一边用手指  
着那群鸭子

啊，瓦伊德我的儿子，你若知道我的思念  
你就会明白远离深爱的人  
是一团烈火……还有疯狂

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 76 期）

## **Epilogue to Dreams**

[Canada] Bahjat Abbas

After closing her eyes forever,  
her Dream vanished.  
A cheerful woman disappeared from life  
had to fly to the heaven  
between the angels and stars,  
watching the earth plunged in darkness,  
and left us suffering.

No tears she can shed anymore,  
No compassion she can offer,  
and her soul was bleeding.

O, beautiful nightingale! Why cannot you sing  
and wander between the butterflies and flowers  
as before ?

Is it possible you may come back?  
The endless nature that received your soul,  
pure and ablaze, spreading love and compassion  
wherever you were, is merciless.

It deprived us from you!  
It planted the seeds of sorrow in our hearts  
growing to agonizing plants,  
with no hope to remove.

You took the light to the heaven,  
You left us in darkness,  
Our hearts are in flame  
Our minds are confused.



## 梦的序言

[加拿大] 巴赫贾特·阿巴斯

永远地闭上了她那双眼睛之后  
她的梦也随之飘散  
从尘世消失，这曾经快乐的女人  
只能飞向天使和星辰之间的  
那个天堂  
眼看着大地陷入黑暗  
你我堕入苦难  
她的心在流血  
再也没有同情  
泪水也已流干  
哦，美丽的夜莺啊！你为何不能  
继续鸣啭着盘旋在胡蝶和花朵之间  
恰如以前？  
你是否还有可能回返？  
那接洽你魂灵的大自然  
冷漠，纯净，耀眼  
不论你在哪儿都把爱和同情播散  
它把我们从你那里夺走  
它把痛苦的种子播种在我们心田  
让其生长磨痛植被  
而没有任何希望除迁  
  
你把光带到天堂  
你把我们留在黑暗  
我们的心烧着了  
我们的头一阵阵晕眩

Why has the monster chosen  
and strangled the broken-wing nightingale?  
Your chance in life ended  
our joyous life.  
Please come back to us!  
You have right to show up to our minds,  
A beautiful unforgettable memory  
will never fade!

You have to come here,  
to hear our laments.  
Are you still there?  
Please say where you are!  
You never wanted us to be miserable  
Why do not you answer then?  
We remember your beautiful chatting and laughing,  
when the life was young and the spring was green.  
Why did you stop it?

The frightful tolling with tones  
of mourning at midnight that  
the singing nightingale has departed  
without fulfilling her dreams,  
changed us forever and made our life different.  
Please rest in peace surrounded by angels,  
we see you in our memory and dreams.



那恶魔为什么  
勒死了断翅的夜莺  
你的生机终结了  
我们本来快乐的生活  
请回来吧！回到我们身边！  
你有权在我们脑海里显现  
那美丽难忘的回忆  
将永不会黯淡

你必须得回到这里  
来倾听我们的浩叹  
你还在那里吗？  
请告诉我们你在哪里！  
你从不忍心留我们于凄惨  
那为什么你不发一言？  
我们还记得那生命青涩、绿色的春天  
记得你我开怀畅聊和惬意的笑声  
你为什么把它们全都收敛？

在歌唱的夜莺没有实现  
她的梦就离别而去的那个午夜12点  
那让人悚然的哀悼腔调的钟声  
永远地把你我改变  
也让我们的人生由此变迁  
请安息吧，在天使们围护的安宁中 在梦  
和记忆里我们会看到你的笑颜

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第76期）

## **Wiaam**

### **—To My Daughter Wiaam**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Wiaam! Oh most beautiful of my dreams!  
A palliative for my bleeding heart.  
You emerged, radiant in my life  
Like a bright moon in my darkest hours  
When the burden of life seemed unbearable  
And the years dragged on.  
Yet now it is only death I fear  
And pain is happily endured  
Because I want to live,  
To drink inspiration from the magic of your eyes,  
To behold you and nurture you,  
Protect you from unhappiness,  
A delicate, growing, smiling sapling.  
Combined in you is the brilliance of a flower  
Shining like colours in the impressionist's art,  
And the sweet fragrance wafting from a blossom,  
Carried at dawn in the tender arms of the breeze.  
You possess the lightness and the music of birds.  
You run and play, and in my latent thoughts:  
It is my heart running and playing.  
Ah! The sweet innocence of children!  
It is a harmony composed in heaven.  
Dear Lord! Shield this child from the winds of sorrow,  
And preserve through her my heart, and my dreams.



## 薇娅姆

### ——致爱女薇娅姆

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

薇娅姆！我最美丽的梦！  
你让我流血的心不再生疼  
你的出现，照耀了我的人生  
就像在我最黯郁时刻里  
在人生的重负难以承受的时候  
在日子仍然轮转不息之际  
出现的一弯明月那样光明  
而现在我唯一惧怕的只有死亡  
痛苦倒让我乐于担承  
因为我想活着  
在你魔力的眸子里汲取灵感  
守望着你，养育着你  
保护你不受一切苦痛  
你是一株微笑着成长的娇小的树苗  
散发着鲜花才有的光泽  
熠熠着如同印象派画家画卷上的颜色  
从花瓣上飘下来的甜蜜清香  
在清晨的微风柔软的臂弯里摇曳  
你有鸟儿宛转的嗓音和飞翔的轻捷  
你在我潜隐的思绪里奔跑玩耍  
我的心也在奔跑玩耍  
啊！儿童的天真无邪！  
只有天堂才有的和谐  
主啊！愿你能一直庇佑这个孩子不受凄苦之风  
愿你通过她永葆我的心，还有我的梦

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期）

## **Waddah**

### **—To My Son Waddah**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

My child, your face is like the moon,  
Dictating music to my guitar,  
A tune to which the nymphs dance.  
I see you after a hard day's toil  
With worries gripping me  
And they vanish in a flash,  
For your smiling face is like the sun  
That showers me with rays,  
And then my heart is filled with radiance...  
Purity flows from your innocent, sparkling eyes  
In a world full of treachery and lies  
And the music sings in my heart  
As if my breast is full of branches on which nightingales sing  
Tunes that fill my cup.  
And I become drunk with the nectar of the poems That fill  
my world with colours and shapes.





## 瓦达

### ——致爱子瓦达

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

我的孩子，你的脸庞就像那月亮  
在向我的吉他口授美妙的乐音  
连仙女听到了也婆娑起衣裳  
一日的繁忙之后，我身累神伤  
但看到了你，疲倦一扫而光  
你的笑容可不就像那太阳  
沐浴我以光芒万道  
接着我的心也盛满了辉煌  
在这个充满背叛和谎言的世界  
你那双无邪的眼睛闪耀着纯洁的光  
音乐也开始在我的心里奏响  
好似我的胸膛满是树枝，夜莺们  
正在上面歌唱  
那美妙的旋律斟满我的酒杯  
诗歌的甘醴将我迷醉  
而世界也因此变得绚烂多样

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期）

## **Eye Language**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

When her eyes meet mine  
I feel my heart fluttering.  
I see her face blushing with shyness  
And her cheeks flush with emotions.  
Eyelids droop with deep dark lashes  
Over lustrous eyes,  
And I feel my heart  
Bursting against my ribs.  
And I, too, shyly look away  
And do not speak the words I wished to say.  
She passes by  
Without a word between us  
Yet our silence fills the air  
Like long speeches!



## 目光之语

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

当我们四目相对的那一刹  
我的心就张开了翅膀  
她的脸羞答答地红了  
感情全染在了那脸庞  
黑密的睫毛罩住了  
她那闪亮的眸子  
我觉得我的心在砰砰跳  
震颤着我的胸膛  
而我，也腼腆地别过眼神  
收回了心的狂想  
她于是擦身而过  
一句话也没有说  
但我们的无言却如长谈  
一直在空中回荡

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期）

## **Nourishment of the Soul**

[Brazil] Wilson de Oliveira Jasa

Poetry is the nourishment of the soul  
which flows from the heart with emotion  
it has beauty and enchantment as well as magic  
and makes us to live with inspiration.

It is the nourishment of the soul which irradiates,  
and feeds the thirsty of passion  
and makes it stronger night and day  
supporting the being with amplitude.

We can live verse by verse,  
in harmony and peace with the Universe  
and feel the pleasure of selected love.

Love Poetry has noble value  
it is the strength of the Poet's soul  
which feeds the body and the soul completely.



## 心灵的食粮

[巴西] 威尔逊·奥莉薇娅·贾莎

诗歌是心灵的食粮  
从心底饱蘸感情溢出的诗行  
它美丽，它迷人，它像魔法一样  
它让我们倍受鼓舞着成长

它是心灵的营养，心灵也把它照亮  
激情疲惫了，心灵来喂食  
还让诗一天天变得茁壮  
而生命也因此越发宽广

我们可以以诗为生  
我们可以与宇宙和平消长  
感受着天择友爱的欢畅

情诗无价而高尚  
灌注诗人的心灵以力量  
并将诗人的身心同时滋养

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

## **Your Eyes**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Your eyes store the magic of supreme beauty  
And in front of beauty I always feel enslaved.  
Your eyes have a sparkle that snatches my vision  
Like lightning in the deep darkness.  
Your eyes are enigmas that I long to solve,  
Gleaming beneath eyelashes and half-closed lids.  
Your eyes have a warmth, nay a fire in which I melt  
Tell me how such a flame could emanate from water!  
Oh! Lady with such sweet eyes, be not so harsh on one  
Who is drunk with the nectar of your eyes, like a limpid soul  
Who finds in your eyes the cup of death so sweet,  
From which of those two eyes must then he drink?  
I am like a butterfly for which a flame spells death  
But undeterred, still wings towards that flame  
Have pity! For in your eyes I fly so high  
Yet in them too I drown so deep!



## 你的眸

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

你的眸蕴藏着至美的魔力  
每当面对，我便感觉如被俘获  
你的眸闪亮，如同暗夜里的一束闪电掣亮了我的视野  
你的眸是我希望解决的谜  
在睫毛和半启的眼睑下闪烁  
你的眸温暖，更确切地是一团火  
告诉我它是如何从水里发射  
啊！明眸的淑女，不要对  
陶醉于你眸子的甘醴的人发火  
你的眸像清澈的心，连死都是甜蜜之觞  
他该从哪一个啜饮欢畅？  
我像一只蝴蝶，火焰就是我的死亡  
而我却扑打着翅膀，勇往  
请慈悲！我在你眸里飞得很高  
而我也沉于其中甚至溺亡

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

## **Gifts of a Poet**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Do not lay around my heart a siege  
Let it sing out its tunes and poems  
For it is like a butterfly  
That would perish  
Were it denied the nectar from the flowers...  
For it is like a rose in a garden,  
Refreshed by the dewdrops,  
Presenting its fragrance generously to passersby...  
It is like a nightingale  
Each dawn of day,  
Its sensuous notes filling the air...  
For it is like a guitar  
That strums each time a lovely maiden passes.  
Let it present those maidens with its tunes  
For you alone can have both music and instrument.





## 诗人之才赋

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

不要将我的心筑起围城  
让它唱出自己的诗，自己的乐声  
因为它就像一只蝴蝶  
被剥夺了花朵的玉液琼浆  
很快就会殒命  
因为它就像花园里的一支玫瑰  
承露泽而神醒  
延馥郁以路人，慷慨相赠  
它也像一只夜莺  
那每日清晨悦耳的鸣啭  
漂浮在天空  
它还像一柄吉他  
拨响，每当有少女经行  
让它弹奏吧，给那些少女  
因为你可独享这乐器和乐声

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期）

## **Music of the Thunder**

[India] N. V. Subbaraman

Music of the thunder is sweet  
To our ears indeed a great treat!  
Rhyme and rhythm, you can find and hear  
Evanesence of life seen here!  
Early in the morning a joy  
In the nature's hand a nice toy!  
Withered trees, parched land scene of woe  
Starved people, dying cattle – oh!  
Nature played music of thunder  
Accompanied by great wonder!  
Streak of lightning, lashings of rain  
Swelling of streams and rivers main!  
Melody of thunder and rain  
Great reliever of farmers' pain!  
Sans water the world exists not  
All living beings on earth rot!  
Thunder hurts me not, nor a threat  
Indeed a music—nature's pet!  
I love nature, I love thunder  
What a great nature-made wonder!



## 雷鸣如曲

[印度] N·V·萨巴拉曼

雷鸣如乐曲一样甘甜  
于双耳何似盛饌！  
那韵律和节奏，你能听到并发现  
在此见证人生的短暂！  
这是清晨的动感  
是自然之手里的偶玩！  
枯树，还有那愁苦而焦渴的农田  
嗷嗷待哺的人和濒死的牲口  
啊，大自然又在奏起雷鸣的乐曲  
还有异象前后相伴  
一道道闪电，一掣掣雨点  
溪流和河道顿时盈满  
雷声和雨水的旋律和弦  
把农夫的苦痛一时消缓  
没有了水，世界焉存  
所有的生灵必将涂炭  
雷鸣伤不了我，威胁也都不算  
它就是一场仙乐，源于自然  
我爱这雷鸣，这天造神工  
我爱大自然！

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期）

## **Butterflies and Roses**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

It is a butterfly that mastered the art of love  
Fluttering its wings, circling over the hillocks.  
Roses listen to its sweet talk attentively,  
Swallowing its whispers as it flies,  
For roses are like maidens in their habits—  
Whispers in their ears intoxicate them.  
It mumbles into the ear of a rose  
The petals radiate with rosiness and fragrance  
And suddenly they are embraced in a kiss  
Each of them drunk in the arms of its lover.  
But when the nectar has quenched its fire  
It flies away looking for a new lover.  
How many a dewdrop has trickled down the cheek of a rose  
Her heart weeping at the infidelity of a butterfly.  
It is a lesson for maidens  
If only warnings could avail in love!



## 胡蝶和玫瑰

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

倒是胡蝶更懂得爱情的艺术  
你看它翩跹着，盘旋在小丘上  
玫瑰全神贯注地听着它甜蜜的絮语  
        渴饮下它的呢喃  
玫瑰啊，可不正如那些少女——  
        耳边的私语最让她们陶醉  
        胡蝶飞来了，凑近一朵花冠  
        绯红的花瓣和香气散射出光晕  
        一瞬间它们就拥吻在了一起  
        在对方的怀抱里神醉  
可在琼浆熄灭了这道激情的火焰后  
它就飞走了，寻找一个新的情人  
        多少珠泪从玫瑰的脸上流下  
        为胡蝶的不忠，它的心在滴血  
        这是少女们应该汲取的教训  
但这警言真能适用在爱情就好了！

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期）

## **Infusion**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

When you became a part of my life  
That part became the whole  
...And you have become myself!  
Do not think me mad  
Raving deliriously...  
True, we have two separate forms,  
Divided by seas and deserts  
True, my features are rugged  
Whilst your face boasts the prettiest of contours  
Yet you are here...  
Inside me  
In the beat of my heart  
In the pulsations of my arteries  
And the sighs within my breath.  
For I am you  
Since I have become inhabited by this magic,  
Like poetry inhabits words.



## 合而为一

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

当你成了我人生的一部分  
这一部分就成了我的全部  
……你就成了我！  
不要以为我癫狂  
乱语胡言太放浪  
我们的确各有各形象  
因为大海和沙漠而异样  
我的模样也的确太粗鄙  
而你的容颜俊美足让你得意洋洋  
不过此刻你在这里  
进入我胸膛  
伴着我悸动的心脏  
还有我动脉的脉搏  
以及我呼吸时的惆怅  
因为我就是你  
自从这种魔力俘获了我  
就像诗歌存在于每个词里一样

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期）

## Whispering

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

She came in the middle of the night,  
Whispering magic into my ears.  
She appeared before me like confused dreams,  
Driving away sleep from my eyelids  
She said I have brought poetry  
So wake up  
Let's draw out the brilliant words of a poem.  
But I do not stir at all  
O my muse!  
Have consideration for a lover  
Who is no longer young  
Who still delights in your beautiful face  
For though alive, his fire is dead  
Allow him to enjoy his sleep.





## 絮语

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

深夜，她翩然而至  
于我耳畔低声将魔法吹入  
就像那迷绕的梦境  
把睡意从我的双眼驱逐  
她说我带来了诗歌  
所以，快快醒来吧  
让我们一道走出最美的音步  
但是我纹丝不动  
啊，我的缪斯  
多体贴下你的爱人吧  
他虽然仍旧爱慕你的容颜  
却早已经不再年轻勇武  
尽管还活着，他的火焰已烧尽  
请让他尽情寐寤

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期）

## **Pulsation**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

For you, and you alone, my love  
I've woven lines of gold and fragrance.  
Who else could share the verses from my soul  
When only you can stir my pounding heart  
I come to you, holding within my hands  
A world transported by your charm,  
Sprinkling my ardent love into your palms  
Like precious stones, sparkling with light.  
They say the inspiration of romantic verse  
Belongs to bygone days. If what they say is true  
Then you, my love embody what is lost.



## 悸动

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

给你，我的爱，只给你  
我织就一副金光闪耀而馥郁的图锦  
还有谁能分享源自我心的诗行  
只有你才能沸腾我悸动的心脏  
我走向你，紧握一个被你的魅力  
俘获的世界，把我炽热的爱  
喷洒在你的手掌  
就像那闪耀的光泽的宝石一样  
人们都说浪漫诗行的灵感  
只属于消逝的时光，如果真是这样  
那么你，我的爱，就是那遗失的诗章

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期）

## **The Seasons of Life**

[UAE] Shihab Ghanem

Do not say to me that youth has gone and is lost.  
Perhaps what is coming will be sweeter.  
Youth is full of impulsiveness and rashness  
Whilst middle age overflows with wisdom and maturity.  
Tell him he who bemoans the departure of youth before  
he has grown old  
For fear that it would leave him.  
Hold on; wasn't childhood full of fun  
Ah! Would that we could return a child  
Wasn't the dawn of youth full of love?  
When your dream-girl bestowed upon you her smile.  
Yet every season of life holds its magic,  
So enjoy life in all its seasons!



## 人生四季

[阿联酋] 谢哈布·加尼姆

不要跟我说青春已然消亡  
也许即将到来的更加甜美  
青春总是冲动而鲁莽  
而盛年则充满智慧和成熟  
告诉那些未老先怅的人，那些  
害怕青春离逝的人  
不要胡思乱想，童年不总是欢畅  
——啊，如果能返老还童多好  
当梦寐以求的女孩向你微笑  
青春的拂晓可不正爱意荡漾  
然而人生的每个季节都有它的魔力  
还是不如尽情地——歆享

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期）

## **As Still as a Broom**

[USA] Stanley Barkan

Love as still as a broom  
leaning against a fireplace.

All the carpets swept,  
all the ashes grated.

And the candles burned  
down to the black wires.

And the windows frosted  
starless, moonless.

No shoes under the bed,  
no towel on the floor.

Only the crease in the pillow  
and a smell I can't remember.



## 静如帚

[美国] 斯坦利·巴坎

爱如一把扫帚  
静靠在壁炉旁边

地毯都扫干净了  
灰尘全掸碎下来

蜡烛一直燃烧  
连同那黑色的烛芯

窗户结上了霜花  
星辰不见, 月光不见

床下没有鞋子  
地板上也没有拖布

只有枕头上的褶皱  
和我已经记不清的味道

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期)

## **This Morning**

[Brazil] Irenice Martins

I woke up with my love by my side.  
I felt a delight

Your breath  
the scent of herbs  
invading my window.

With body on fire  
I was taken by his arms  
when the sun  
was burning in  
the crack of the door.

Delicia be loved  
in the early hours  
day.





## 今晨

[巴西] 艾琳奈斯·马丁斯

我醒来，身旁是我最爱的人  
怎能不开心

你的呼吸  
如药草般香  
来侵越我的窗

我陷入他的臂膀  
那如烈焰的身体  
就像太阳  
在房门的燃烧中  
劈啪作响

迪丽莎之爱  
在每一日的  
晨曦时光

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期）

## **Free in Prison**

[Brazil] Irenice Martins

Long live freedom  
the feeling of a sheet  
wandering in the air  
when I was seduced  
by a soft voice  
burning in the heart.

Suddenly  
I saw me in your arms  
and everything turned  
I was chained in that love.

in coexistence  
I met true love.  
emotions  
become wars  
I asked for peace.

For questions of roads  
I decided from a stop  
in a relationship  
it was not furgáz.



## 自由图圖

[巴西] 艾琳奈斯·马丁斯

自由万岁  
我被燃烧在  
心里的温柔声音  
迷惑，这时自由  
恰似一张纸  
凌空飘舞的感觉

倏然  
我看到自己在你臂弯  
一切都被翻转  
我被桎梏于那种爱

在共存中  
我遇到真爱  
感情  
变成战争  
我祈求和平

对于马路的问题  
我觉得在一段关系的  
驿站里  
并非堡垒

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期）

## **Bleeding Heart**

[Tunis] Olfa Philo

Now that the arm-wrestling game between  
your roaring devil and my silent devil is over,  
my soul is missing yours...

Now that I have taken a vacation from  
your occasional storms  
your thunder's rumbling  
your lightning's flash  
your torrential downpour  
your ravaging tornado  
your volcano's lava  
my heart started beating again for yours...

Now that the scars inflicted by devils started to heal,  
the scar of your love proved to resist all medicine...

Now that my long buried wrath is exorcised and given  
flesh in words,  
my mind suddenly recalled your sunny sky...

Now that our bodies are oceans apart,  
Mr. Voidness has not ceased to court me day and night...

Now that sly wolves and poisonous snakes are playing around,  
my heart proudly declared its immunity to all infections...



## 流血之心

[突尼斯] 奥尔法·费罗

既然你喧嚣的恶魔和我静默的魑魅  
已经结束他们的腕力角逐  
我的魂开始思念你的魄……

既然我得以休憩，远离  
你阵发的风暴  
你隆隆的雷声  
你电光四射的闪电  
你倾盆如注的大雨  
你横行肆虐的飓风  
以及你火山的熔岩  
我的心开始为你跳起……

既然恶魔造成的伤疤已经开始愈合  
你爱的伤疤却抗拒所有药物治愈……

既然我长眠的愤怒依然消弭，借助言辞重又生肌  
我突然间回想起你的晴空万里……

既然你我远隔重洋  
不辞昼夜向我求爱的只有空虚……

既然狡诈的狼和毒蛇就在附近  
我的心骄傲地宣布对所有疾病免疫……

Now that freezing winter has become my only season,  
I missed our emblematic spring...

Now that sorrow has become my feeding mother,  
I knew that life and death lie in the heart...

Now that your offspring bear your indelible mark  
I knew that past, present and future are but one...



既然冰封的冬日已经成为我唯一的时节  
我怀想起我们象征的春季……

既然痛苦已经成为喂养我的母亲  
我就知道生命和死亡全在于心里……

既然你的子孙遗传了你那无法消除的印记  
我就知道过去、现在和未来从来都是一体……

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期）

## Unblessed Blessing

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

Julie seems to find mixed metaphors  
in John's poem and she gives utterance  
to her discovery, hanging on the breast  
of knowledge, on a press-button  
that can be turned on and off is certainly  
a tough thing, no wonder that  
an absolute calmness or delight  
fills Julie's heart, we can perfectly see it  
from here, she goes on quoting  
Attila József, that I'm angry for you and not  
with you, but this sounds to John as if  
she was suggesting to become friends,  
however, love-making is still to come.





## 邪恶的祈祷

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

朱莉在约翰的诗中发现  
他使用了混合隐喻，于是她  
说了出来，仗着她的学识涵养  
仗着她那一个可以随时开关的  
按键，这真的十分了得。难怪  
朱莉看上去泰然自若  
面露欣喜的模样  
我们能看得清清楚楚  
她继续援引阿提拉·约瑟夫：  
无汝在旁，我愤然神伤  
但约翰听起来似乎感觉  
朱莉只想和他做朋友  
然而，爱情已潜滋暗长

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

## **Motions**

[Czech] Michal Brzák

I have doubts  
When my pen on the paper  
Gently slides

Switch off the lamp  
This way I may write through to  
The lyrics

Clearly  
the paper is giving birth...  
To the verse(s)

Maybe  
Someone may recognise you  
When glimpsing these verses



## 动作

[捷克] 麦可尔·布扎克

当我的笔  
在纸上轻轻地划过  
我心生疑惑

点亮灯  
我便可以写下  
一整首歌

那纸  
显然正把诗  
诞下

也许  
有人能把你认出  
如果看到了这张诗作

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

## **Size 40**

[Czech] Michal Brzák

I will wait easily for 10 years  
Before you grow up your Forties  
For your flavour, voice and breath  
Today I foster you in my dreams



## 40 号

[捷克] 麦可尔·布扎克

我可以轻易地再等 10 年  
然后你才进入 40  
为了你的味道，声音和呼吸  
今天我把你养在我的梦里

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

# **Naked**

[Czech] Michal Brzák

Naked  
You are  
Beautiful  
Always  
Forever



## 赤裸

[捷克] 麦可尔·布扎克

赤裸的  
你  
始终  
而永恒的  
美丽

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

## **Star**

[Czech] Michal Brzák

You'll be sitting  
Next to me  
On your beautiful butt  
I adore  
You will shine  
You shine!  
Don't say anything  
Or...talk...  
But mainly  
Do not leave anywhere  
Be by my side  
Stay by me  
Forever





## 星辰

[捷克] 麦可尔·布扎克

你将靠着  
我坐着  
垫着我心爱的  
那美臀  
你将闪耀  
你就在闪耀  
不要说什么  
或讲什么  
尤其是  
不要离开  
就在我身边  
陪着我  
永远

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

## **Dreaming**

[Czech] Michal Brzák

I'm kissing you to your dream  
Perhaps I will also fall into sleep  
But for now I am awake  
And daydreaming of you  
In my dream  
I marvel at you  
That the life with you  
Is like a dream within the dream



## 梦

[捷克] 麦可尔·布扎克

我在你的梦境中亲吻你  
或许我也会入睡  
不过，我现在很清醒  
却在白日里梦想着你  
在我的幻想中  
我为你惊奇  
于你，人生  
宛如梦中的梦

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

## **And When I'm Lonely**

[Tunisia] Sassi Fathi

And when I'm lonely;  
I open at the poem's door thousands of windows,  
And make my shadow on the outstanding mirrors,  
in the eyelid of a mysterious wave.  
With a smile valid for life,  
because the dominant worry of the breed flirts with me,  
to establish the dream's law in the forgotten streets.



## 当我孤独时

[突尼斯] 萨西·法特西

当我孤独时  
我于诗的门口打开千扇窗  
在那神秘波浪的眼睑之下  
投我的影子在那卓绝的镜像  
以一展对生活有效力的笑容  
在遗忘的街道上创建梦境的规章  
只因那一贯的担忧把我挑逗

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

## **As a Night**

[Tunisia] Sassi Fathi

She hasn't left...

But she reproaches her toothbrush for crying,

And for the time glasses,

She arranged her face from the features of absence,

Afraid of leaving her memory on the table;

Love is lying on a sofa made from the moon cough...

She said...

Who has planted a cloud in the night of my loneliness?

So it rained a volley of questions on my body

The violins which are listening to the dusk of my loneliness,

Are washing by the wine of your colors,

Then to be combed overtly from my waiting waist;

Only absence...

Kisses you, to forget your face on a cloud,

And you leave as if you have an appointment

With the most beautiful losses,

Perhaps you are preparing an everlasting rest,

For a forthcoming appointment...

You carry the burden of absence, and on your shoulder;

a tattoo lost the key of its failure on poem lips,

Like a star broke out in sweat in a moment of shame

Why you learn an exile song by heart like poetry?



## 夜晚

[突尼斯] 萨西·法特西

她还未离去……  
但她怨咎她的牙刷，因为哭泣  
也因为那些沙漏  
从缺席的特征中她把自己的脸整理  
害怕将记忆忘在桌子上  
爱正躺在由月亮咳嗽制作的沙发里  
她说——  
谁在我孤独的夜里栽种了一朵云  
让它往我身上降下了诸多问题  
一直在聆听我孤独黄昏的梵婀玲  
被你的七彩之酒濯刷  
然后从我等待的腰肢公然梳展  
只有缺席……

亲吻你，忘记你云朵上的面庞  
而你离开，如有约在身似的  
带着最美丽的损失  
也许你在准备永久的憩息  
为一场即将到来的约定  
你负着缺席的责任，在你肩上  
一个刺青丢掉了在诗歌之唇上失败的钥匙  
像一颗星在耻辱的一刻从汗颜中破穹  
为什么你把一首驱逐之歌像诗歌一样背诵

And you scream:

Hey...Rose, you perfumed the way of our loneliness

And gave us the lily of seduction

I'll wear a tree, and wave with branches to all the  
stars To turn green the stone face...

And the water laughs at the whinny of the story,

I...I try to perceive your beautiful night

But I have not succeeded to wear your absence, So  
don't dwell in my body.





你喊起来——  
哎，玫瑰！你熏香了我们孤独的道路  
还给了我们诱惑的百合  
我要穿上一棵树，用所有树枝迎星招展  
把石头的脸变青

而水则嘲笑这则故事的马鸣声  
我——我想感知你魅力的夜晚  
但是我没能穿戴你的缺席  
所以，请不要住居于我的身体

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

## **The Clouds**

[Tunisia] Sassi Fathi

The clouds don't care about a face;  
that climbs up like water,  
and what remains for the travel icon alone ,  
in the veins of roses!!  
And contemplating in the courting to the shadow,  
as an evening talk.



## 云

[突尼斯] 萨西·法特西

云不介意  
像水一样升起的脸  
以及图标遗留在  
玫瑰血脉里的东西  
注视着对阴影的求爱  
作为夜晚的谈话

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

## Alice

[USA] Nancy Cavers Dougherty

Her sapphire eyes want to tell you  
where she has traveled  
but you are not ready to know  
the names of her multiple selves

Where she has traveled  
over continents of ice and tundra  
the names of her multiple selves  
the white of her days

Over continents ice and tundra  
ever so tenderly in words  
the white of her days  
black centers of daisies quiver

Ever so tenderly in words  
her hands trace the air  
black centers of daisies quiver  
she sips her jasmine tea

Hands trace the air in circles  
but you are not ready to know  
she sips her jasmine tea  
but her eyes want to drink you



## 爱丽丝

[美国] 南希·卡弗·多尔蒂

她蓝宝石般的眸子想告诉你  
她游历过的天地  
但你还没有准备好了解  
她多样自我的名字

她游历过哪里  
冰原和苔原的陆地  
她多样自我的名字  
她生命里的白

跨过陆地的冰原和苔原  
如此温婉的言辞  
她生命中的白  
雏菊的黑色花心轻颤

如此温婉的言辞  
她的手追着空气  
雏菊的黑色花心轻颤  
她啜饮着茉莉茶

双手比划成圆追着空气  
但你还没有准备好了解  
她啜饮着茉莉茶  
但她的双眼想把你一饮而尽

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 92 期）

## **I Fell in Love with a Song-Woman**

[Kyrgyzstan] Rahim Karim

I fell in love with a beautiful song,  
In song-woman: singing.  
Stupefied vociferous,  
With me a waltz dancing.

I fell in love with a beautiful song,  
So words charming.  
In his tender and darling,  
Like a kiss on the lips.

I fell in love with a beautiful song,  
My soul is so intoxicating.  
In that tune, oh, so passionate,  
Like a bell ringing.

I fell in love with a heartfelt song,  
And in love, captivating yourself.  
In the song-woman, so sinless,  
In words, gentle, elegant...



## 恋上一个歌女

[吉尔吉斯斯坦] 拉希姆·卡里姆

我爱上了一首美丽的曲子  
在一个正在歌唱的歌女那里  
喧哗而眩目的华丽  
一首华尔兹舞曲

我爱上一首美丽的曲子  
那歌词如此美妙  
在他的温柔和宠爱里  
像一个印在唇上的吻

我爱上一首美丽的曲子  
我的灵魂变得迷醉癫狂  
在那热烈如斯的曲调里  
犹如铃声回荡

我爱上了一支动人的歌  
在爱情中将自己捕获  
这个歌女，如此纯美无暇  
温柔而优雅

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 96 期）

## **A Dance of Bullets**

[Saudi Arabia] Raed Anis Al-Jishi

If out of passion I strained my heart,  
it doesn't matter.

You crossed each alley  
of my inner streets—  
mirrored the dream  
running through my veins,  
and from my garden,  
plucked,  
the love grown  
from a pear tree.

If I offer you roses  
distilled from my blood  
and if, in your honor  
I play the anthem of salvation  
with my heart's beats,  
it doesn't matter.

Home,  
it doesn't matter.  
It doesn't matter if  
all you could offer me is  
a dance of bullets.





## 子弹之舞

[沙特阿拉伯] 阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

如果因为激情，我抻伤了自己的心  
这并没有什么  
你穿过我心中街道的  
每一个巷子——  
映现那从我花园  
流动于我血脉的梦境  
从一棵梨树上  
摘下  
爱情

如果我给你  
由我血液萃取的玫瑰  
如果为了你  
我以自己的心跳  
弹奏救赎的赞歌  
那也没有什么

家园  
那也没有什么，如果  
你所能提供给我的不过是  
子弹的飞梭

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

## Wedding

[USA] Hala Alyan

I mourn myself before you. Scattering insect  
wings in the starlight. Once, I met myself  
with scissors, threaded paper  
across branches in lightning storms.  
I sang for vessels, a hunter's moon.  
To you, I give the urchin heart  
of this sleeping city.

The tamr my prophet shook from palm trees,  
fruit falling soft as styrofoam rain.  
Love is the abundant pyre  
assembled for gods. Darling,  
you are the alarming flicker of glass in a  
jade forest. The moonlight  
no hands can cup.



## 婚礼

[美国] 海拉·阿尔扬

在你面前我哀悼自己。在星光中  
播撒昆虫的翅膀。曾经，我遇到  
自己在雷电交加的风暴  
拿着剪刀剪过根根树枝，像剪纸  
我为大船歌唱，那是猎人的月亮  
至于你，我赠予这座睡眠之城的  
顽童的心。

我的先知从枣椰树上摇落的枣子  
轻柔如泡沫塑料雨落下的水果  
爱情是为众神聚燃而起的  
浩大的火葬堆。亲爱的，  
你是玉石林中玻璃翠发出的  
令人惊异的闪烁。没有手  
能掬起的月光。

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

## 关于译者

**木樨颜**，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》，译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《喊出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、“东西文翰大系”丛书等 40 余种，曾获 2016 年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

**巩晓迪**，山东淄博人，山东政法学院英语语言文学学士，西南科技大学翻译硕士在读。专业英语八级，国家三级笔译，曾获 2020 第二届全国高校创新英语翻译大赛三等奖、第七届中国西部翻译大赛（西部赛区）优秀奖。参编有《中国古典诗歌精选精译》，参译诗集《残忍月光》、《诗之光：中国当代非主流诗人诗选》。

**Brent Yan**, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past*, *Life*, *Ode to the Plain*, *Phoenix Tree*, *Yell out the Sun*, *Vacant House*, *Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)*. He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

**Gong Xiaodi**, born in Zibo, Shandong Province, has got her bachelor's degree in English Language and Literature from Shandong University of Political Science and Law and now is studying for her master's degree in Translation and Interpreting at Southwest University of Science and Technology. She has participated in the edit of the book *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and the translation of the book *Cruel Moon* as well as the book *Selected Translations of some Minor Poets of Contemporary China*.

## 编 后 记

### POSTSCRIPT

本书收录了诗人译者木樨颜发表于《世界诗人》（现名《国际诗歌翻译》）第 61-97 期的译诗，共包含 50 余首诗作，并按照在原诗刊上发表的先后顺序依次编排。

木樨颜多年来笔耕不辍，翻译了大量的诗歌，发表于原《世界诗人》的译诗就多达三百五十多首。加上近年来出版了二三十种译诗集，其在诗歌翻译界堪称“最勤奋的译者”之一。由于其本身就是诗人，又进行了大量的诗歌翻译实践，他对诗歌具有很强的敏感性，其译诗自然也就如行云流水般流畅通达，充分体现出木樨颜身上的才情与才气。

限于篇幅，编者只能在众多精美译诗中挑选出 50 余首编入此书。在通读所有译诗之后，编者发现有很多译诗都是关于男女之间的相思与暧昧。“爱情”向来是文学作品中的“高频”主题，而由于诗歌这个体裁特有的精致，其传达出的情思就更朦胧、更含蓄、更有韵味。因此，本书编选了这一主题的译诗，希望将不同国家的情诗介绍给读者，让读者感受其中的韵味之异同。另外，本书也编入了几首写给儿女或妈妈的译诗，虽然与大的爱情主题不同，但亲人之间的爱

意传达也让人十分感动，特藉此机会将这种心灵的悸动一并分享给读者朋友。需要提及的是，在编选过程中我们尽量保持原诗形式，不强行统一大小写，以防篡改了作者的独具匠心，但是在标点方面，原诗两个点或四个点的省略号统一修改成了常规的三个点。

作为编者，能够参与木樨颜译诗的选编工作，我们感到非常荣幸，同时又诚惶诚恐，不敢有一丝怠慢和疏漏，以免不能以最完美的形式将木樨颜的译诗展现给各位读者。在编选过程中，木樨颜也积极帮助和支持我们，在排版设计等细节方面也给予我们细致入微的指点，在此向颜老师致谢！然而，限于编者的能力与水平，不足和错讹在所难免，恳望各位指出并海涵。

编者